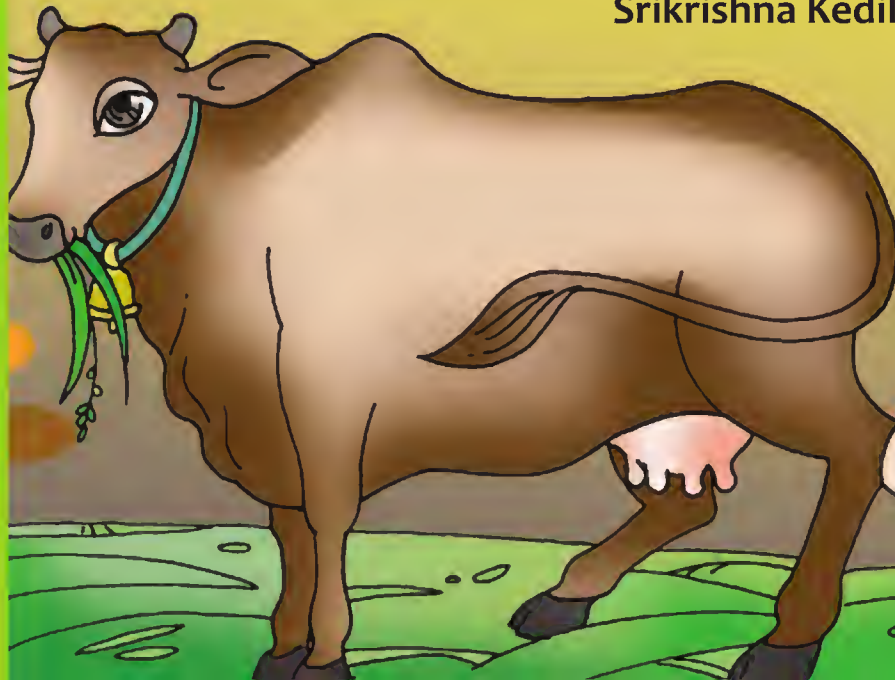




# **MOO MOO BROWN COW, HAVE YOU ANY MILK?**

Jayashree Deshpande  
Srikrishna Kedilaya



Original Story in Kannada '**Nore Nore Hallu**' by Jayashree Deshpande

Illustrations & Design: Srikrishna Kedilaya

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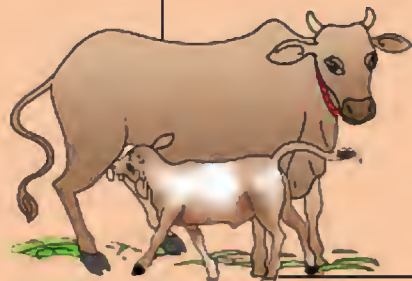
# ***MOO MOO BROWN COW, HAVE YOU ANY MILK?***

**Text: Jayashree Deshpande**

**Illustration : Srikrishna Kedilaya**

**English Translation: Dr. Divaspathy Hegde**

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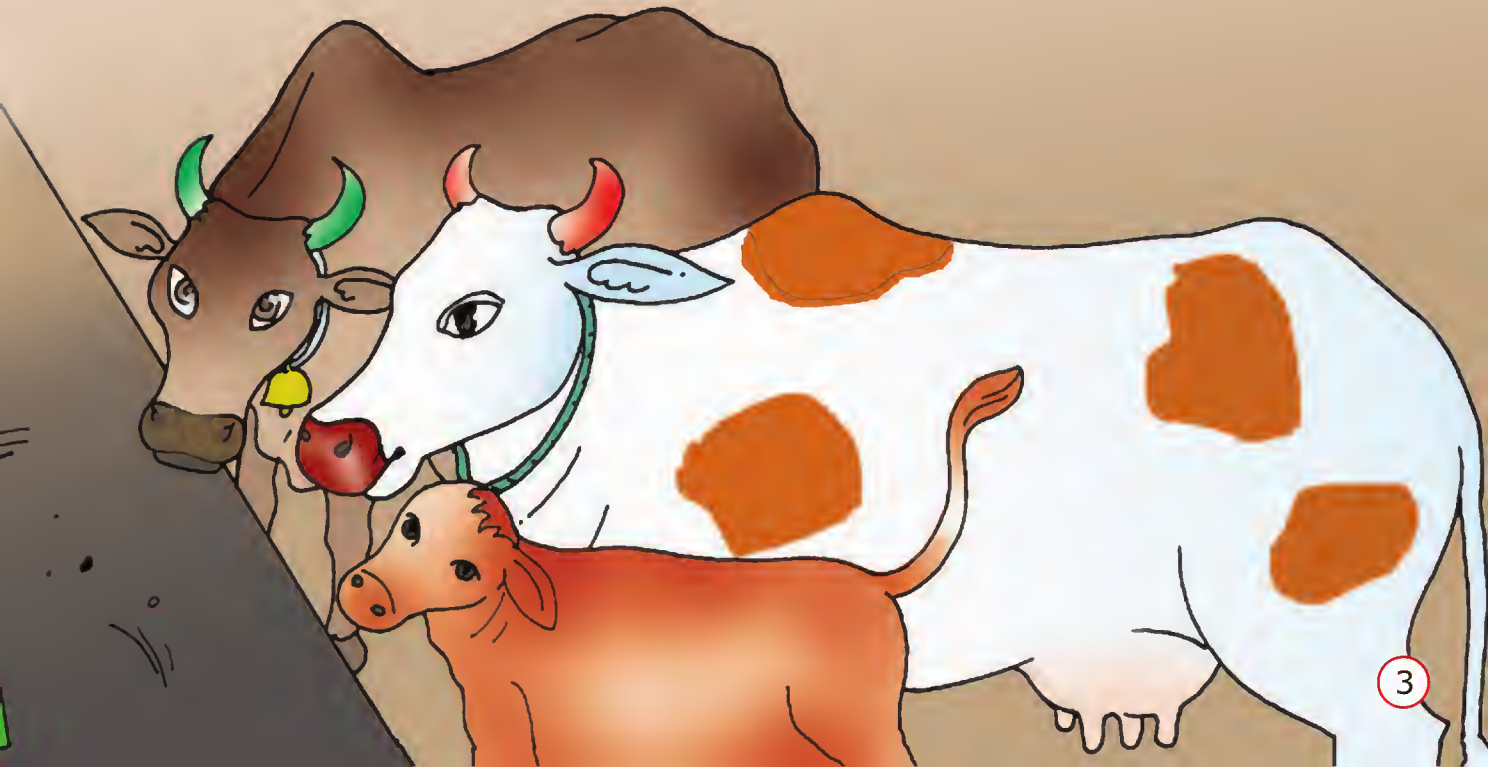
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Raju lived in the city. But in the summer, when school was out, Raju headed straight for his Ajja's house in the village.



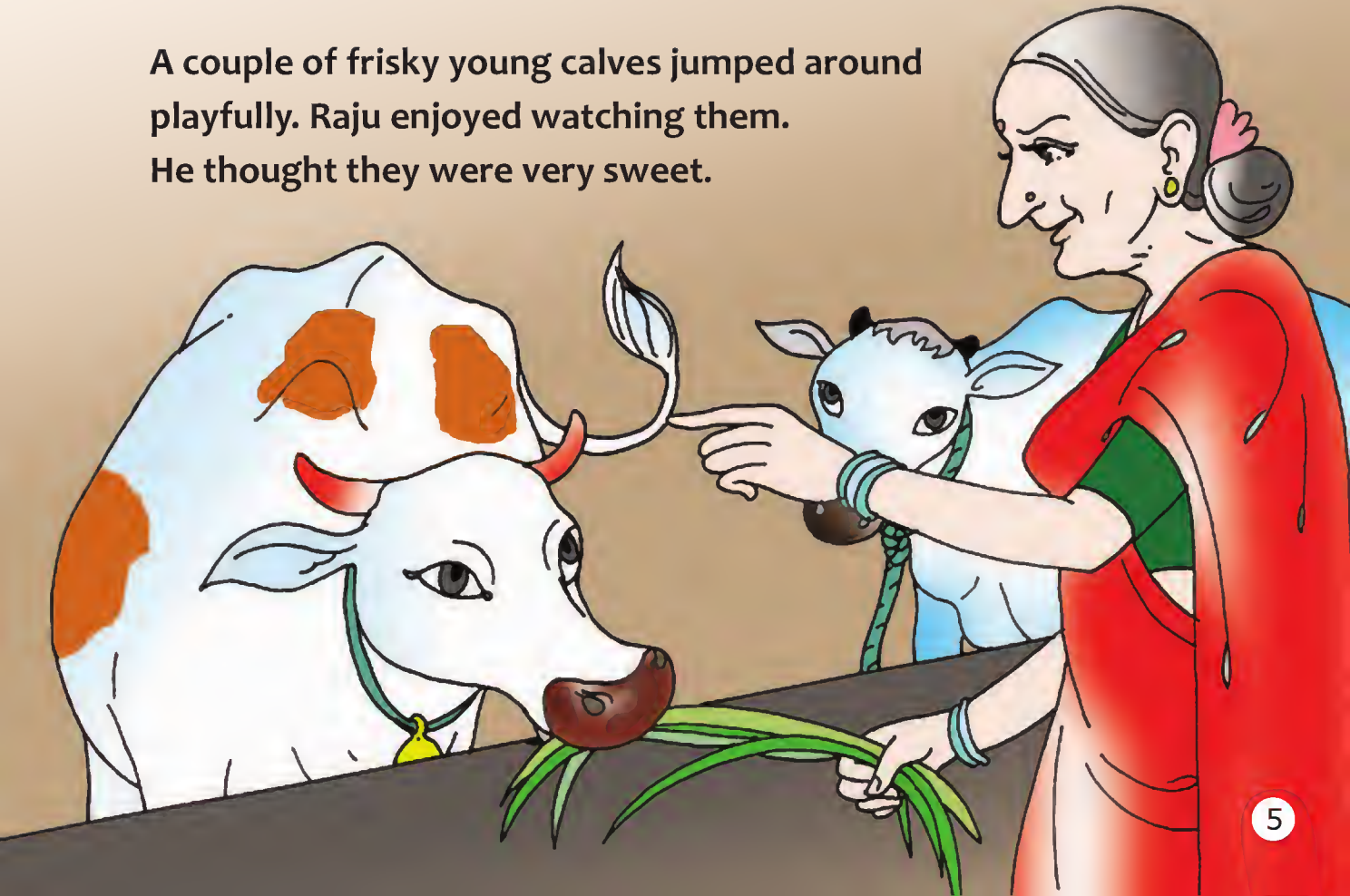
Every summer, he learnt something new at Ajja's house.  
This time, he was to learn that in the village,  
milk does not come out of plastic sachets!



The evening he arrived, Ajji took him to the cowshed behind the house. Four gentle brown cows were munching on the hay Ajji had collected for them.



A couple of frisky young calves jumped around playfully. Raju enjoyed watching them. He thought they were very sweet.



“Raju, remember the glass of milk you just had?  
This is the cow that the milk came from!”  
said Ajji. “The milk I drank came from a cow?”  
asked Raju, very surprised.

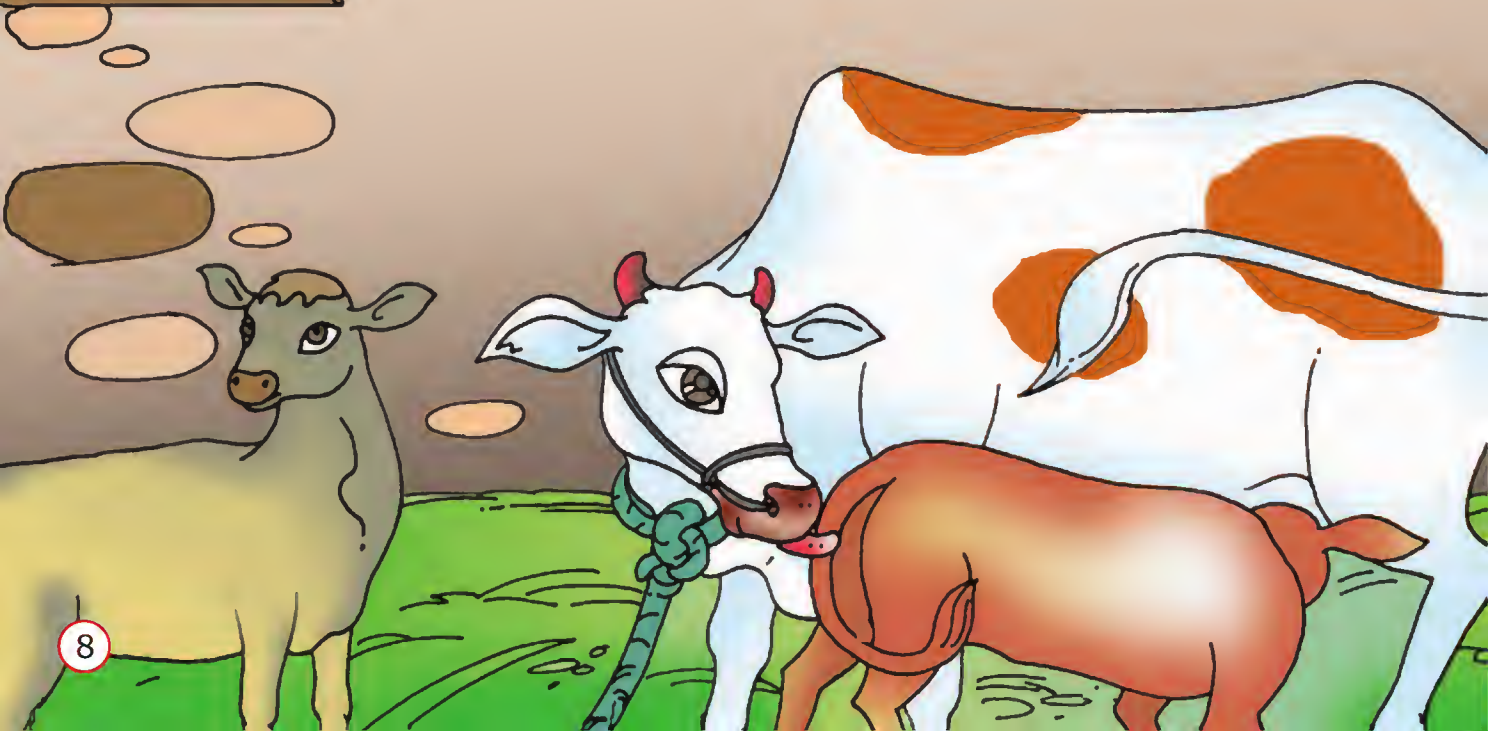
“You mean you just milked her and there  
was my glass of milk, ready to drink?”



“Yes, Raju,” smiled Aiji. “Come and meet my cows. This is Kaveri, whose milk you just drank, this is Kapila, this one is Ganga, and there at the far corner is Gowri.” Raju stood where he was, looking at the cows doubtfully. “Come, Raju,” coaxed Aiji. “Come and touch them. They won’t hurt you.”



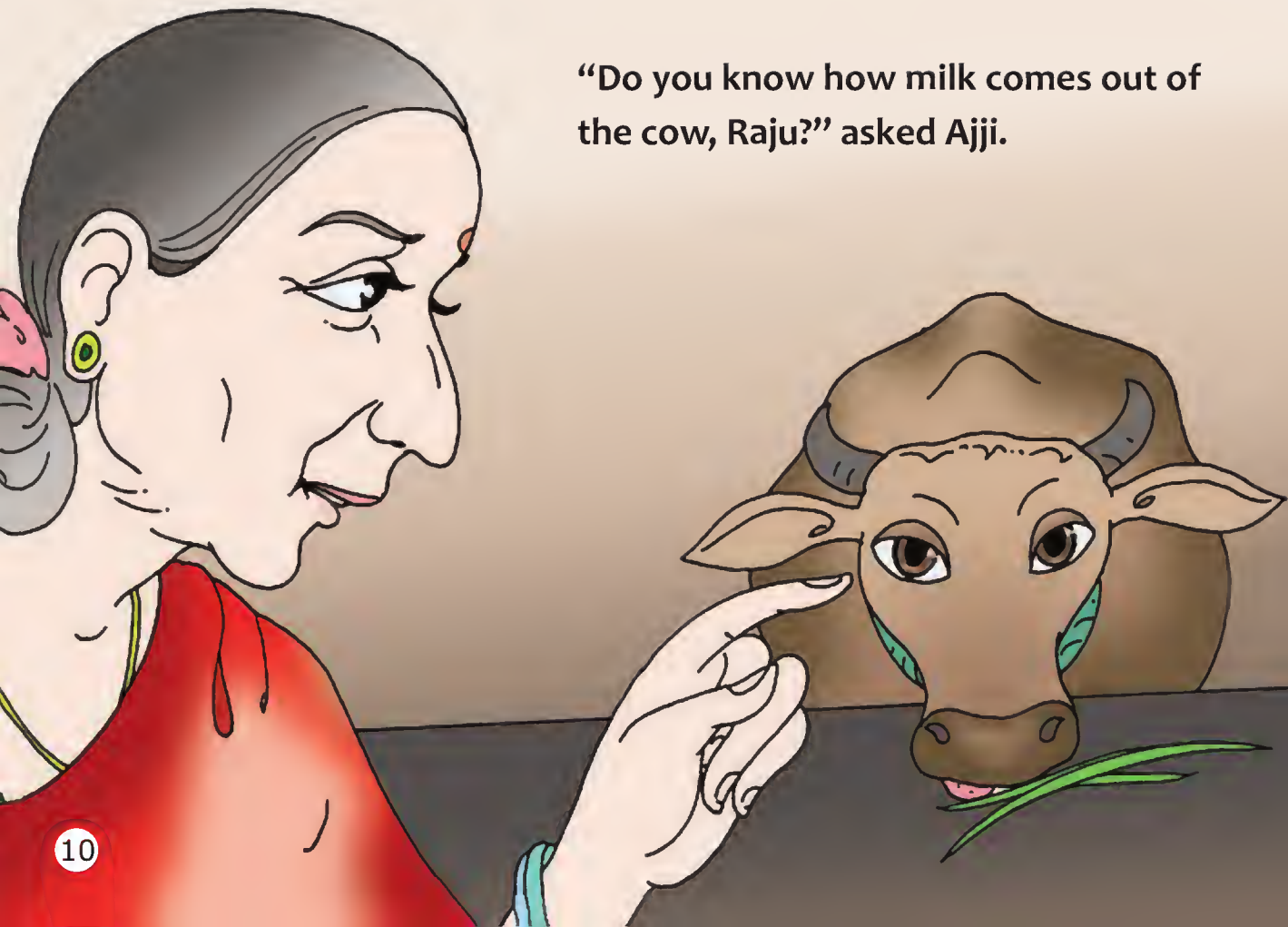
As Raju moved among them, the calves moved closer to their mothers and mooed, wondering if they could trust this stranger. Their mothers licked them, letting them know Raju was a friend.



Raju picked up courage and reached up to touch Gowri's neck. It felt all soft and wrinkly, somewhat like Aiji's neck. Gowri mooed at Raju's touch, wanting to be friends.



“Do you know how milk comes out of the cow, Raju?” asked Aiji.

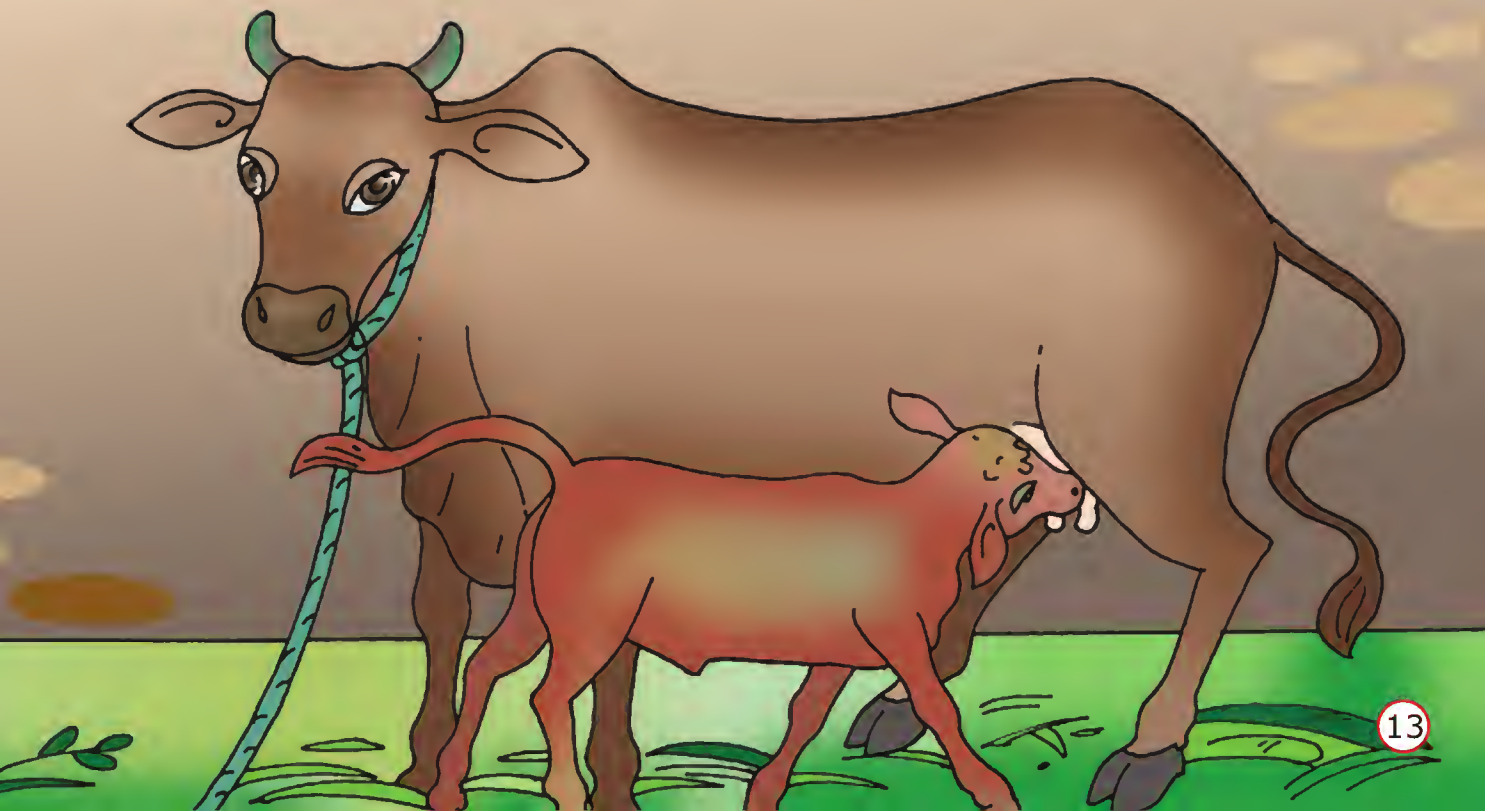


“No, Ajji,” said Raju, feeling a little silly.  
“All I know is that in the city, our milk  
comes to our door in plastic sachets.”





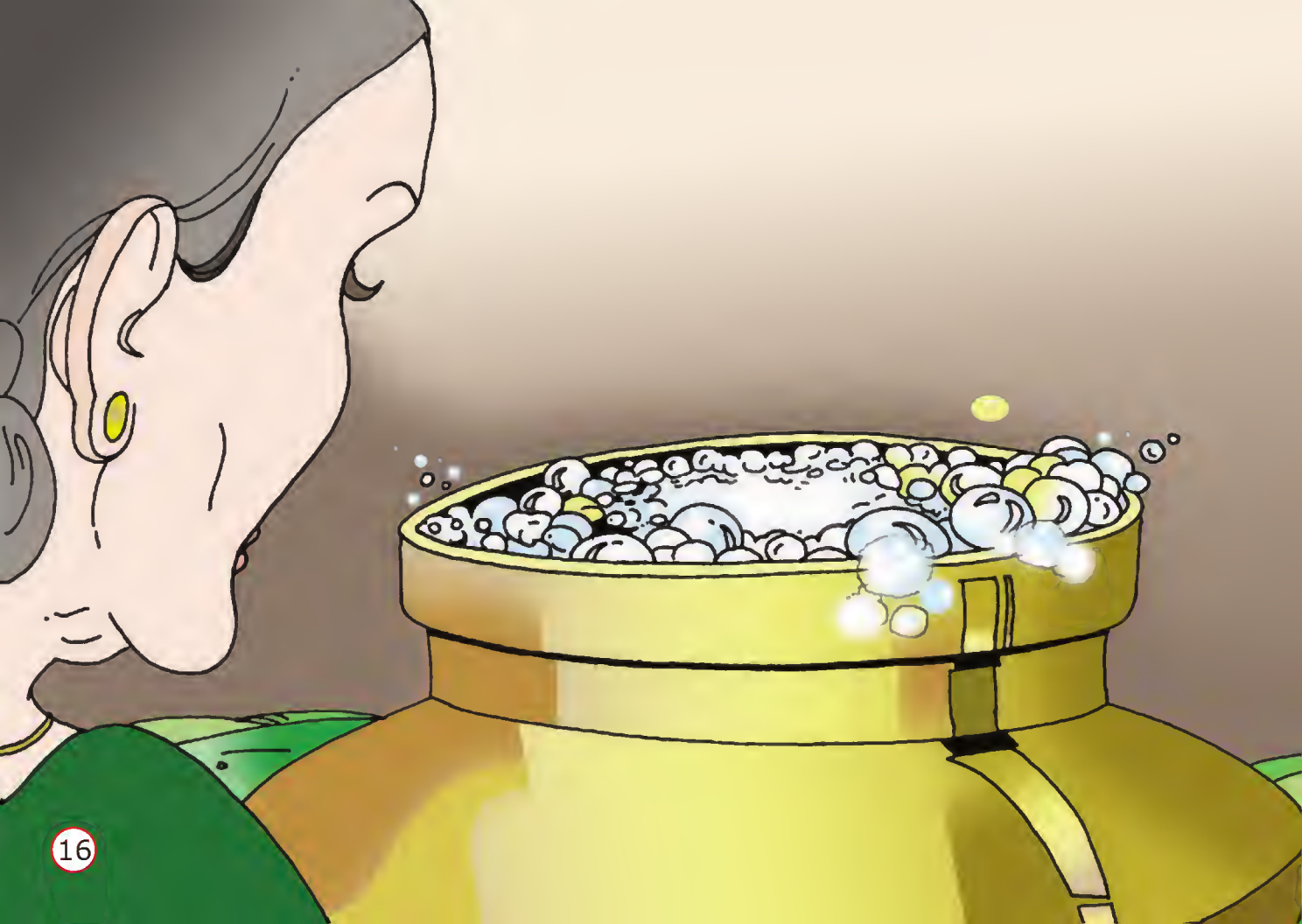
“Come, let me show you,” said Aiji.  
Taking him by the hand, she led him to Kapila.  
Kapila’s calf was close by.  
Aiji first allowed the calf to suckle, and  
drink as much milk as she needed.



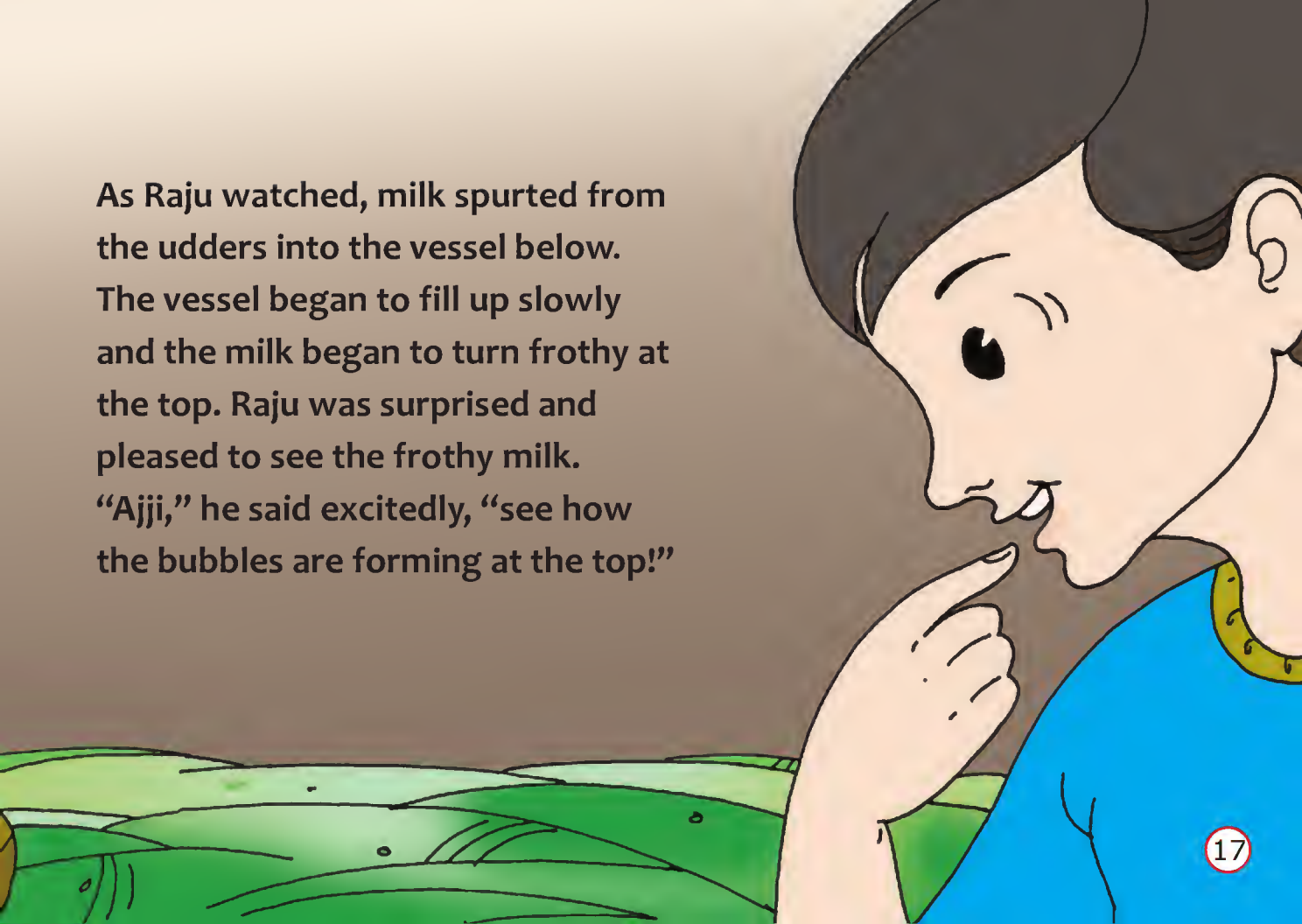


Then she washed Kapila's udders with water and cleaned them.  
Sitting on her haunches, she began to milk the cow, pressing  
the udders gently between finger and thumb.





As Raju watched, milk spurted from the udders into the vessel below. The vessel began to fill up slowly and the milk began to turn frothy at the top. Raju was surprised and pleased to see the frothy milk. "Aji," he said excitedly, "see how the bubbles are forming at the top!"





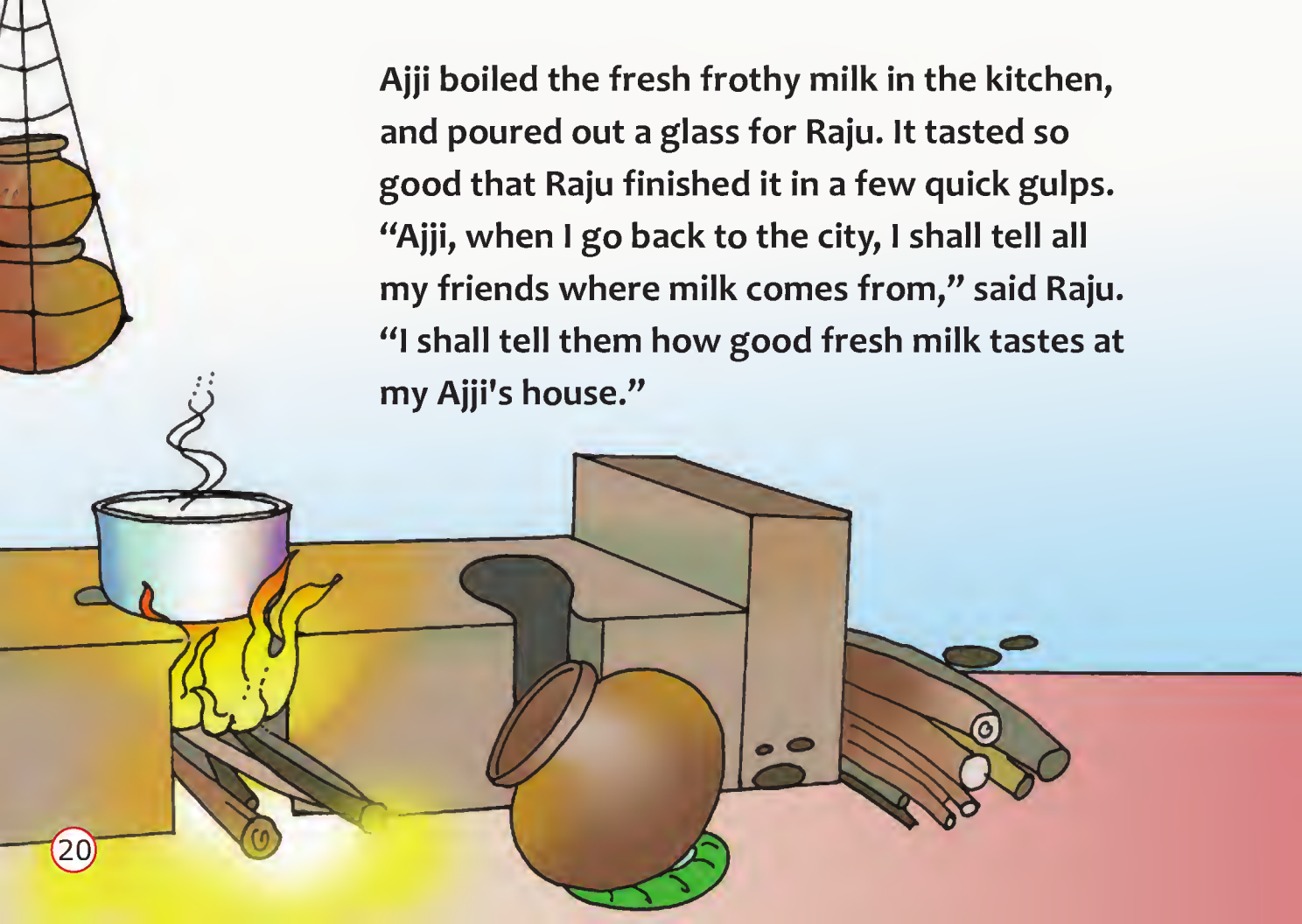
“Yes, Raju,” said Ajji, smiling at his excitement.

“When I pull on the udders, powerful jets of milk come out. They hit the surface of the milk in the vessel with great force, mixing with the air and forming bubbles. That is what makes fresh milk taste so different from milk that comes out of a packet!”

“Wow! I had no idea!” said Raju.

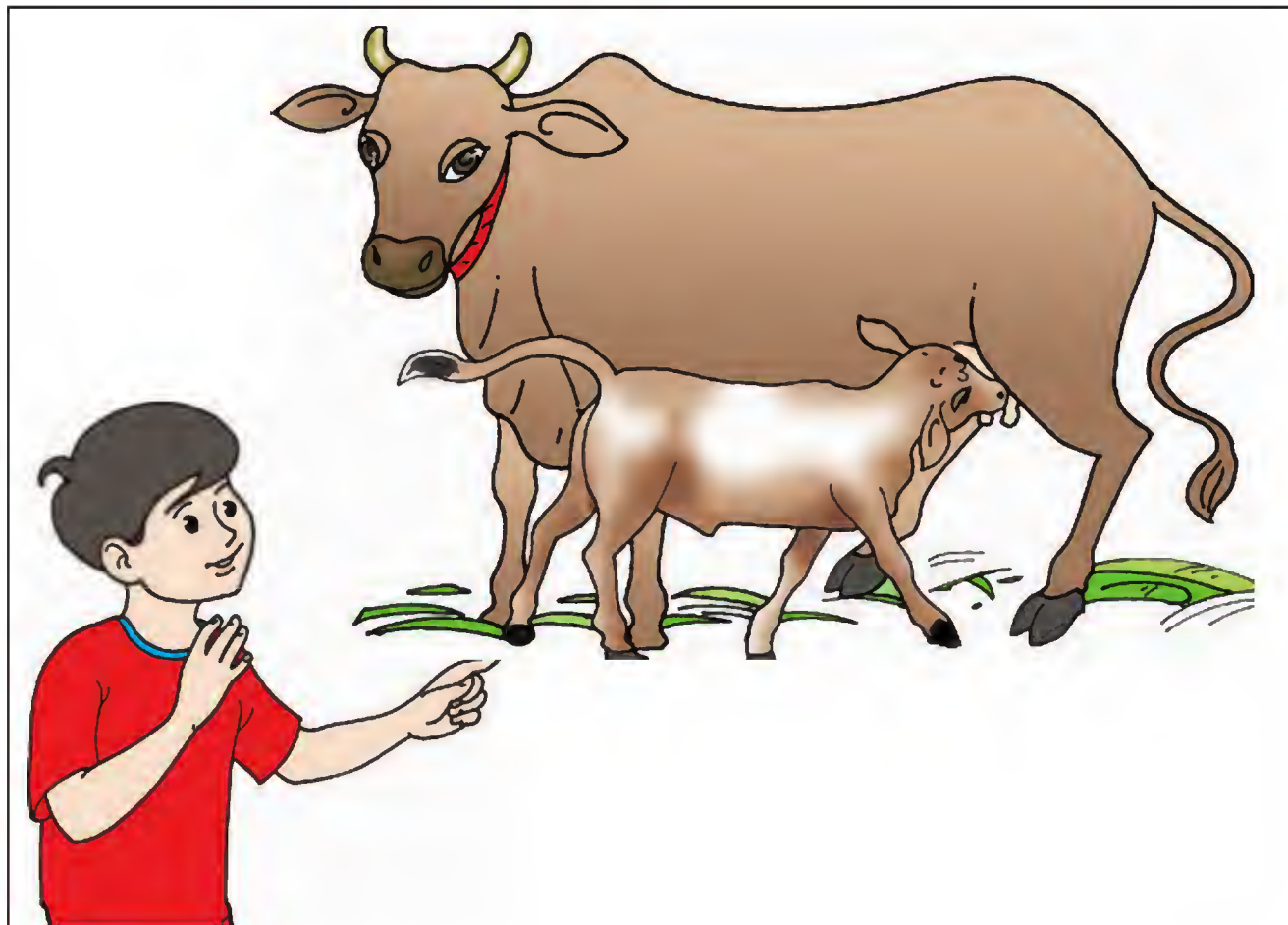


Ajji boiled the fresh frothy milk in the kitchen, and poured out a glass for Raju. It tasted so good that Raju finished it in a few quick gulps. "Ajji, when I go back to the city, I shall tell all my friends where milk comes from," said Raju. "I shall tell them how good fresh milk tastes at my Ajji's house."

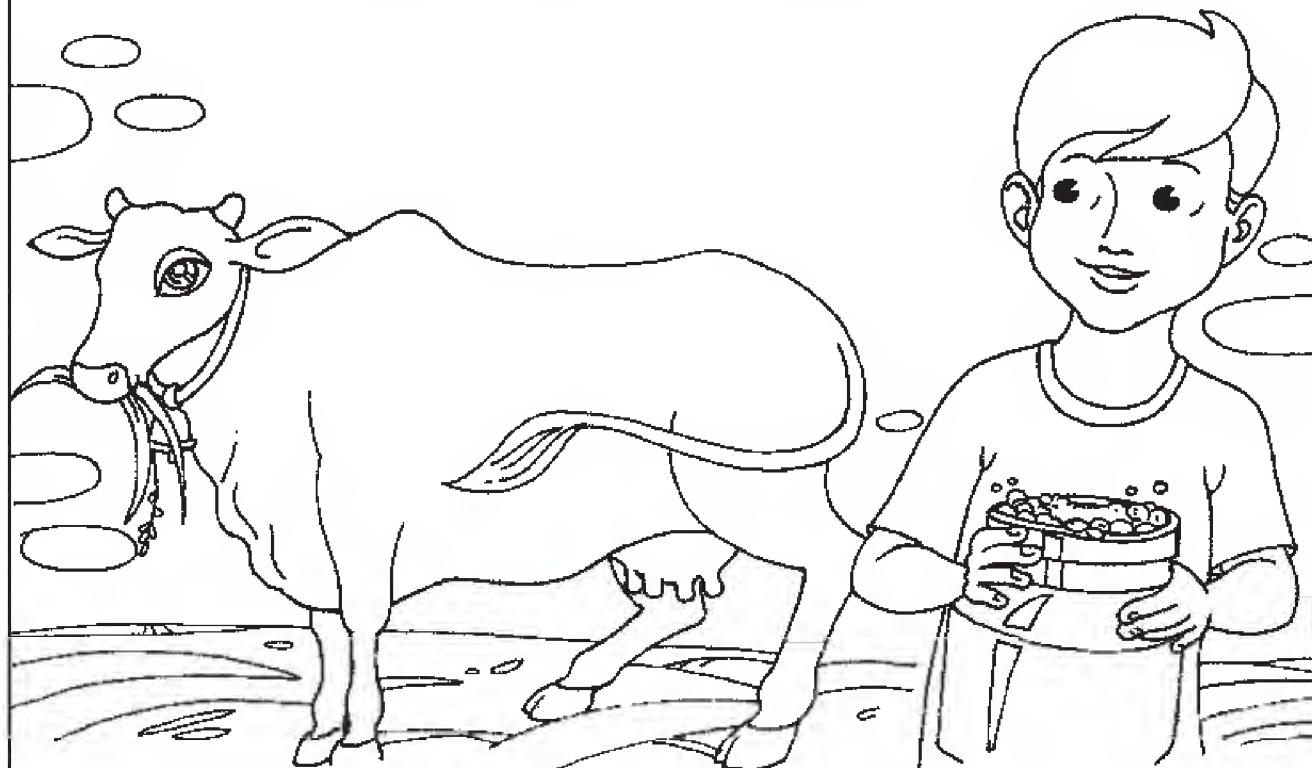


Ajji laughed happily. “Do that, my little Raju,” she said. “Then everyone will know who is the cleverest boy in the class !”

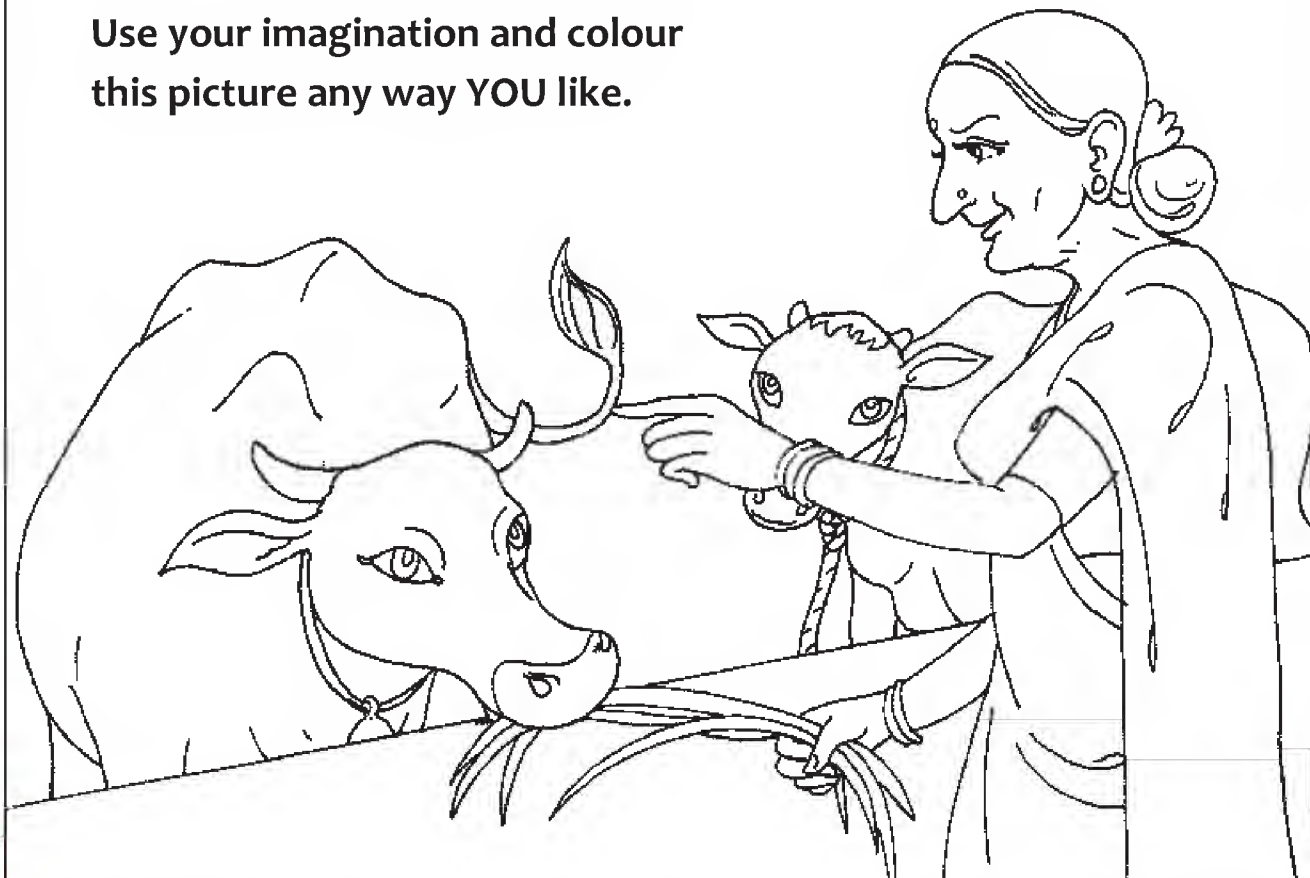




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Jayashree Deshpande is a prolific author of short stories, essays, humour and novels in Kannada. She has been writing for nearly fifteen years. Her stories have been published in all leading magazines and publications in Kannada. Jayashree has travelled widely across USA and Europe and loves writing travelogues. Her hobbies include travel, photography and reading literature.



Srikrishna Kedilaya is a painter and graphic artist. He has been working in an advertising agency for nearly a decade. He has done the artwork and cover design for several books in Kannada.

Does milk come out of a packet or out of a cow? When city boy Raju visits his Ajji's farm in the village, he watches Ajji milking her cows. Raju loves the sight of the fresh milk frothing in the bucket, but there is something he enjoys even more. What do you think it is?

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